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# "Outwitting the Hun"

## By LIEUTENANT PAT, O'BRIEN

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#### FROM A PRISON CAMP O'BRIEN WATCHES LAST FIGHT AND FATAL FALL OF HIS CHUM, PAUL RANEY.

Synopsis.-Pat O'Brien, a resident of Momence, Ill., after seeing service in the American flying corps on the Mexican border in 1916, joins the British Royal Flying corps in Canada, and after a brief training period is sent to France. He is assigned to a squadron in active service on the front. He engages in several hot fights with German flyers, from which he emerges victorious. Finally, in a fight with four German flyers, O'Brien is shot down. He falls 8,000 feet and, escaping death by a miracle, awakes to find himself a prisoner in a German hospital, with a bullet hole in his mouth,

#### CHAPTER IV-Continued.

choly phase of the scout's life when When my "chummy enemy" first an orderly told me there was a beautistarted his conversation with me, the ful battle going on in the air, and he German doctor in charge reprimanded volunteered to help me outside the him for talking to me, but he paid no hospital that I might witness it, and attention to the doctor, showing that I rendily accepted his assistance. some real Americanism had soaked That afternoon I saw one of the into his system while he had been in gamest fights I ever expect to witness. the U. S. A. I asked him one day what There were six of our machines he thought the German people would against perhaps sixteen Huns. From task we're going to have to lick him. do after the war; if he thought they the type of the Britsh machines I knew In all my subsequent experiences, the would make Germany a republic, and that they might possibly be from my fact that there is a heap of fight left much to my surprise he said very bit own aerodrome. Two of our machines in the Huns still was thoroughly terly, "If I had my way about it, I had been apparently picked out by brought home to me. We shall win would make her a republic today and six of the Huns and were bearing the the war eventually, if we don't slow hang the d-d kalser in the bar- brunt of the fight. The contest seemed up too soon, in the mistaken idea that gain." And yet he was considered an to me to be so unequal that victory for the Huns are ready to lie down. excellent soldier. I concluded, how- our men was hardly to be thought of, ever, that he must have been a Ger- and yet at one time they so completely probably never see him again and it they were so hopelessly outnumbered. did not know whether he meant that never give in. the Germans would starve me out, or Of course, it would have been a comjust what was on his mind, for at that paratively simple matter for our men. time I am sure he did not figure on when they saw how things were going bad job, and I was ordered to the offidying. The first two or three days against them, to have turned their I was in the hospital I thought surely noses down, landed behind the Gerhe would be up and gone long before man lines and given themselves up as I was, but blood polsoning set in prisoners, but that is not the way of about that time, and just a few hours the R. F. C. before I left for Courtral he died. A battle of this kind seldom lasts

One of those days, while my wound many minutes, although every second was still very troublesome, I was seems like an hour to those who pargiven an apple; whether it was just to | ticipate in it, and even onlookers sufforment me, knowing that I could not fer more thrills in the course of the eat it, or whether for some other rea- struggle than they would ordinarily the world, barring none. He was later son, I do not know. But anyway a experience in a lifetime. It is appar-German flying officer there had several ent even to a novice that the loser's in his pockets and gave me a nice one. fate is death, Of course there was no chance of my Of course, the Germans around the eating it, so when the officer had gone | hospital were all watching and rooting and I discovered this San Francisco for their comrades, but the English, fellow looking at it rather longingly, too, had one sympathizer in that group I picked it up, intending to toss it who made no effort to stifle his admiraever to him. But he shook his head tion for the bravery his countrymen and said, "If this was San Francisco were displaying. I would take it, but I cannot take it | The end came suddenly. Four maunderstand just why he refused the taneously. It was an even break—two apple, for he was usually sociable and a good fellow to talk to, but apparfrom you here." I was never able to chines crashed to earth almost simulently he could not forget that I was lines

One practice about the hospital im- of the German officers to find out for pressed me particularly. That was, me who the English officers were who shown to a cell with bars on the win-If a German soldier did not stand had been shot down. much chance of recovering sufficiently A little later he returned and handed was promptly told that at night we to take his place again in the war, the me a photograph taken from the body were to occupy these rooms, but I had doctors did not exert themselves to see of one of the victims. It was a picture already surveyed the surroundings, that he got well. But if a man had of Paul Raney of Toronto, and myself, taken account of the number of guards a fairly good chance of recovering and taken together! Poor Raney! He was and the locked door outside, and conthey thought he might be of some fur- the best friend I had and one of the cluded that my chances of getting ther use, everything that medical skill best and gamest men who ever fought away from some other place could be could possibly do was done for him. in France. I don't know whether this was done under orders or whether the doctors when I was reported missing, had only thing I had worn over the lines,

the doctor if it would be possible for looker! me to have this work done there, but things looked he would not be wear- tidings of poor Paul's death,

next two days, and on the fourth day knew well-Lieutenant Keith of Aus- other prisoner. comrades it would be relayed to my mother in Momence, Ill., and I did not want to worry her more than was absolutely necessary. It was enough for her to know that I was a prisoner, She did not have to know that I was

I had hopes that my message would be carried over the lines and dropped by one of the German flying officers. That is a courtesy which is usually practiced on both sides. I recalled how patiently we had waited in our sirdrome for news of our men who had falled to return, and I could picture my squadron speculating on my fate.

That is one of the saddest things connected with service in the R. F. C. You don't care much what happens to you, but the constant casualties among your friends are very depressing.

You go out with your "flight" and get into a muss. You get scattered, and when your formation is broken up you finally wing your way home alone. Perhaps you are the first to land. Soon another machine shows in the sky, then another, and you patiently walt for the rest to appear. Within an hour, perhaps, all have shown up save one, and you begin to speculate and wonder what has happened to him. Has he lost his way? Has he landed

at some other airdrome? Did the Huns get him? When darkness comes you realize that, at any rate, he won't be back that

night, and you hope for a telephone. eall from him telling of his where-If the night passes without sign or

word from him, he is reported as missing and then you watch for his casunity to appear in the war office lists. One day, perhaps a month later, a measage is dropped over the line by the German flying corps with a list of pliots captured or killed by the Huns, and then, for the first time, you know failed to return the day he last went ever the line with his squadron.

wonderful fight and he gave as much | could speak all languages. One of The next two days passed without born in Jersey City, N. J., and had go near the visitors afterwards. incident and I was then taken to the spent all his life in America until intelligence department of the German | the beginning of 1914. Then he moved

flying corps, which was located about with his folks to Germany, and when an hour from the hospital. There I was he became of military age the Huns kept two days, during which time they forced him into the army. I think if put a thousand and one questions to the truth were known he would much me. While I was there I turned over rather have been fighting for America to them the message I had written in than against her. the hospital and asked them to have I found that most of the prisoners one of their flyers drop it on our side

They asked me where I would like to variably taken to prisons in the intehave it dropped, thinking perhaps I rior of Germany. would give my nirdrome away, but when I smiled and shook my head, they I was still mustng over this melan-

did not insist upon an answer. "I'll drop it over ---," declared one of them, naming my airdrome, which revealed to me that their flying corps is as efficient as other branches of the service in the matter of obtaining valu-

two weeks.

During this period Courtral was con-

call on me, and for obvious reasons I

playing on the sky, the "flaming on-

ions" fired high and the burst of the

antiaircraft guns, but rather an un-

comfortable sensation when I realized

that perhaps the very next minute a

bomb might be dropped on the building

in which I was a prisoner. But per-

haps all of this was better than no

excitement at all, for prison life soon

One of the hardest things I had to

endure throughout the two weeks I

spent there was the sight of the Hun

machines flying over Courtral, know-

ing that perhaps I never would have

right down over the prison nightly, for

my special discomfort and benefit, it

prisoned there was vainly longing to

try his wings again over their lines.

But I used to console myself by say-

ing: "Never mind, old boy, there was

One night there was an exception-

ally heavy air raid going on. A num-

ber of German officers came into my

war that must be won by fighting, and

the sooner we realize that fact the

Rising hour in the prison was seven

o'clock. Breakfast came at eight. This

consisted of a cup of coffee and noth-

ing else. If the prisoner had the fore-

sight to save some bread from the pre-

case. Sometimes we had two cups of

For lunch they gave us boiled sugar

beets or some other vegetable, and

once in a while some kind of pickled

meat, but that happened very seldom.

We also received a third of a loaf of

bread-war bread. This war bread

was as heavy as a brick, black and

sour. It was supposed to last us from

noon one day to noon the next. Ex-

cept for some soup, this was the whole

Dinner came at 5:30 p. m., when we

sometimes had a little jam made out

of sugar beets, and a preparation

called tea, which you had to shake vig-

orously or it settled in the bottom of

been called ten they wouldn't have felt

so badly about it, perhaps, but it was

adding insult to injury to call that

stuff "tea," which with them is almost

Sometimes with this meal they gave

us butter instead of jam, and once in

a while we had some kind of canned

This comprised the usual run of eat-

ables for the day-I can eat more than

that for breakfast! In the days that

were to come I learned that I was to

risoners were without funds this was

a national institution.

fare considerably worse.

meat.

coffee, that is, near-coffee.

sooner it will be over.

and your turn will come some day."

became very monotonous.

couldn't call on him.

able information. And right here I want to say that the more I came to know of the enemy, the more keenly I realized what a difficult

The flying officers who questioned me were extremely anxious to find out man socialist, though he never told me outmaneuvered the Huns that I all they could about the part America On one occasion I asked him for thought their superior skiil might save is going to play in the war, but they his name, but he said that I would the day for them, despite the fact that evidently came to the conclusion that America hadn't taken me very deeply didn't matter what his name was. I One thing I was sure of: they would into her confidence, judging from the information they got, or failed to get,

At any rate, they gave me up as a cers' prison at Courtral, Belgium.

#### CHAPTER V.

The Prison Camp at Courtral. From the intelligence department I was conveyed to the officers' prison camp at Courtrai in an automobile. It was about an hour's ride. My escort was one of the most famous flyers in killed in action, but I was told by an English airman who witnessed his last combat, that he fought a game battle

and died a hero's death.

The prison, which had evidently been a civil prison of some kind before the war, was located right in the heart of Courtrai. The first building we approached was large and in front of the archway, which formed the main entrance, was a sentry box. Here we another chance to fly, and I used to sit apparently returned to their respective to talk to, but apparently returned to their respective to the key in his enemy. However, that did not stop The wound in my mouth made it imone of the orderlies from eating the possible for me to speak, but by means windows, of course, being heavily the town. One certain Hun seemed to of a pencil and paper I requested one barred. After I had given my pedigree find particular satisfaction in flying -my name, age, address, etc.-I was dows overlooking this courtyard. I no worse than in that particular cell.

It was he, I learned long after, who, As I had no hat, my helmet being the just followed their own inclinations checked over all my belongings and I was compelled either to go baresent them back to England with a headed or wear the red cap of the My teeth had been badly jarred up signed memorandum—which is now in Bavarian whom I had shot down on from the shot, and I hoped that I might my possession. Poor fellow, he little that memorable day. It can be imhave a chance to have them fixed realized then that but a day or two agined how I looked attired in a Britwhen I reached Courtrat, the prison later he would be engaged in his last ish uniform and a bright red cap. where I was to be taken. So I asked heroic battle with me a helpless on- Wherever I was taken my outfit aroused considerable curiosity among The same German officer who the Belgians and German soldiers. he very curtly told me that, although brought me the photograph also drew When I arrived at prison that day I there were several dentists at Cour- a map for me of the exact spot where still wore this cap, and as I was taken trai, they were busy enough fixing the Raney was buried in Flanders. I into the courtyard, my overcoat coverteeth of their own men without both- guarded it carefully all through my ing my uniform, all that the British ering about mine. He also added that subsequent adventures and finally officers, who happened to be sunning I would not have to worry about my turned it over to his father and mother themselves in the courtyard, could see teeth; that I wouldn't be getting so when I visited them in Toronto to per- was the red cap. They afterwards told much food that they would se put out form the hardest and saddest duty I me they wondered who the "bug Hun" of commission by working overtime, I have ever been called upon to execute was with the bandage on his mouth. wanted to tell him that from the way -to confirm to them in person the This cap I managed to keep with me, but was never allowed to wear it on The other British pilot who fell was the walks we took. I either went bare-My condition improved during the also from my squadron and a man I headed or borrowed a cap from some

of my captivity I was well enough to tralia. I had given him a picture of At certain hours each day the priswrite a brief message to my squad- myself only a few hours before I start- oners were allowed to mingle in the ron, reporting that I was a prisoner of ed on my own disastrous flight. He courtyard, and on the first occasion of war and "feeling fine," although, as a was one of the star pilots of our squad- this kind I found that there were 11 matter of fact, I was never so de ron and had been in many a desperate officers imprisoned there besides my-

pressed in my life. I realized, how- battle before, but this time the odds self. ever, that if the message reached my were too great for him. He put up a 1 They had here interpreters who No. 66 Squadron, Royal Flying Corps. INVENTOBY OF KIT / 2/Lieut. A.O'Brien, R.F.G. (S.R.) Reported missing 17-8-17 Packed in Trunk. suits Pyjamas. Vests. Prs. Combinations. Night Shirt. Pr. Shorts. Pr. Puttees Prs. Breechas. Pr. Trousers. Strap. Suit civilian clothes. Belt. Tunio. American Tunic. Pr. Ankle Boots. British Warm Coat. Pr. Goggles. Sam Browne Belt. Cane. Box Dentrifice. Commanding No. 56 Squadron,

definitely why it was your comrade Photograph of Official Memorandum, Giving an Inventory of the Personal but an empty privilege. Once I took self." Belongings of Lieutenant O'Brien, Which Were Turned Over to Lieu- advantage of the privilege to send my "My dear fellow, I could not watch hogs during the day and hadn't got works, I guess. tenant Raney When O'Brien Was Reported Missing on August 17, 1917. | shoes to a Belgian shoemaker to be myself act, could I?"

Once in a while a Belgian Ladies' brought us handkerchiefs, American the subject of conversation. soap-which sells at about \$1.50 a

bar in Belgium-toothbrushes and that it had been thoroughly fumigated, other little articles, all of which were and from that time on I had no further American made, but whether they trouble with "cooties" or other visiwere supplied by the American re- tors of the same kind. lief committee or not I don't know. At any rate, these gifts were mighty anything but prison cards, writing was useful and were very much appre-One day I offered a button off my was all. We had nothing to do to

miform to one of these Belgian ladies pass away the time, so consequently as a souvenir, but a German guard cards became our only diversion, for saw me and I was never allowed to we did, fortunately, have some of them was a mere boy who had been The sanitary conditions in this prison camp were excellent as a general proposition. One night, however, in my life I held most of that, not due discovered that I had been captured by "cooties."

This was a novel experience to me and one that I would have been very remained at Courtrai only two or we have good billets and our acquaint- to learn who was the lucky man. There three days. From there they were inance with such things as "cooties" and was as much speculation as to who said. other unwelcome visitors is very lim-

Whether it was because I was an When I discovered my condition, I American or because I was a flyer, I made a holler and roused the guard, bread. Through some arrangement, don't know, but this rule was not foland right then I got another example lowed in my case. I remained there of German efficiency.

This guard seemed to be even more perturbed about my complaint than I was always one-third of a loaf of stantly bombed by our nirmen. Not a myself, evidently fearing that he would single day or night passed without one be blamed for my condition. or more air raids. In the two weeks The commandant was summoned

I was there I counted 21 of them. The town suffered a great deal of damage. Someone undoubtedly got a se gry. Evidently our people were aware that ere reprimand for it. the Germans had a lot of troops con-

I was taken out of my cell by centrated in this town and besides the headquarters staff was stationed there. kniser himself visited Courtral while I was in the prison, I was told by been converted into an elaborate fumi- rest of the officers as long as he was one of the interpreters, but he didn't gating plant. There I was given a in prison. I was fortunate enough to pickle bath in some kind of solution. and while I was absorbing it my The courtyard was not a very popuclothes, bed clothes and whatever else lar place during air raids. Several had been in my cell was being put times when our nirmen raided that through another fumigating process. section in the day time I went out and

While I was waiting for my things watched the machines and the shrapto dry-it took perhaps half an hournel bursting all around; but the Ger-I had a chance to observe about one mans did not crowd out there, for their hundred other victims of "cooties" own antinircraft guns were hammer-German soldiers who had become inng away to keep our planes as high fested in the trenches. We were all in the sky as possible, and shells were likely to fall in the prison yard any not difficult for them to recognize me nude, of course; but apparently it was moment. Of course I watched these battles at my own risk. Many nights form on, for none of them made any from my prison window I watched attempt to talk to me, although they with peculiar interest the air raids were very busy talking about me. I carried on, and it was a wonderful sight with the German searchlights

half-soled. They charged me 20 could not understand what they were saying, but I knew I was the butt of most of their jokes and they made no Relief society visited the prison and effort to conceal the fact that I was When I got back to my cell I found

As we were not allowed to write out of the question; and as we had no reading matter to speak of, reading

There wasn't very much money as a rule in circulation, and I think for once to any particular ability on my part in the game, but I happened to have several hundred francs in my pockets when shot down. But we held a lotwilling to have missed, because in tery that was watched without quite he flying corps our airdromes are a such intense interest as that. The number of miles back of the lines and drawing was always held the day before would win the prize as if it had been the finest treasure in the world. The great prize was one-third of a loaf of which I never quite figured out, it happened that among the eight or ten officers who were there with me, there bread over. There was just one way of getting that bread, and that was to draw lots. Consequently that was what and I could see that he was very an- started the lottery. I believe if a man had ever been inclined to cheat he would have been sorely tempted in this instance, but the game was played abguard with a rifle and conducted about solutely square, and if a man had been quarter of a mile from the prison caught cheating the chances are that to an old factory building which had he would have been shunned by the

> As he was traveling with other prisoners toward a prison camp in the heart of Germany, O'Brien conceived the idea of leaping through the car window in a desperate attempt to gain his liberty. There was one chance in a thousand that he would escape death or recapture. O'Brien took the chance. Read about this thrilling exploit in the next install-



THE OSTRICH FARM.

"Of course I admit it," said the ostrich. "What do you admit?" asked anoth-

er ostrich. "I admit that I'm queer," said the

first ostrich "Then I suppose you think I'm queer, too?" asked the second ostrich. "I'm very much like you, and if you're queer I must be."

"Well, that doesn't always follow," said the first ostrich. "There are many creatures alike, but still if one happened to say he was queer another wouldn't wish it said of him that he was queer, too."

"Oh, if you're queer, I don't mind if I am too," the second ostrich

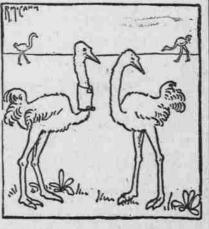
"You wouldn't have to be queer just because I was," said the first ostrich. "You might be very nice and I might be very cross. Now, it's queer to be cross, I've heard. No one gets any fun out of it at all; no, they get very unhappy. So it must be queer to be cross.

said you were queer?" asked the first ostrich. "I don't know if I like that so much. I was quite willing to be queer along with you if it was just ordinary queerness-but not cross-

"I don't blame you in the least," said

"Well, what did you mean by saying you were queer? There are many ways of being queer, it seems to me." said the second ostrich.

"Yes, there are," said the first ostrich. "I'll tell you what I'll do." he said, "if you don't mind my being queer, which is really the way you're queer, too; I'd like you to be my mate.



As Coyly as an Ostrich Could.

I would never leave you. I am four years old, which is the right time for a young ostrich to think of getting himself a mate, and I would judge you were about that age, too, possibly a little younger," Mr. Ostrich said politely.

The second ostrich moved her head coyly to one side-that is as coyly as an ostrich could. "I'd love to be your mate," she said. "And I will always be your mate, just as you will always

"We are queer-all of the ostrich family-every ostrich on this great osfrich farm-every ostrich everywhere."

"Yes, go on," said Mrs. Ostrich.

"This is very interesting." "We are all queer," continued Mr. Ostrich, "because we are feathered of which we have any record. His ished does not by any means deserve like birds and yet we cannot fly. We never a bird whose wings could not band numbered two hundred, four- the sympathy she would like to re- run instead, and we're good runners. But it's queer to be dressed like a

"It is queer," said Mrs. Ostrich, "but I don't mind such queerness." "Not in the least," said Mr. Ostrich. "I don't suppose any ostrich minds,

We're all so used to such queerness.' "They say," Mrs. Ostrich remarked, "that our feathers are very valuable. They've even said that some ostriches make any amount of money for their owners. I suppose you were first plucked when you were nine months old and when you were about six feet in height."

"You're right, Mrs. Ostrich, and I was put in a little yard and my feathers which were all ready were clipped off. Well, I for one, am glad that they make use of our feathers, for we're well treated on this farm."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Ostrich, "it's fine to be so useful and to decorate the hats of beautiful ladies."

in the least bit to have our feathers and in no way does it hurt us. But some ladies," and Mr. Ostrich looked wear the feathers of little birds which of the Master's missionary program have to be killed, and of some moth- for the world. They must be led to when the little ones are needing her a partial victory and the world-wide

"I can't believe it," gasped Mrs. Ostrich. "When they can have feathers

"Perhaps some day they will know better," said Mr. Ostrich. "We are

Nothing Like Mischief. Mother (to Johnny, who is in the

Johnny-No, marm; he's just play-

"Julia," said the fond mamma, "I

am awfully sorry, dear, that I must ask you to take this castor oil." "Oh, that's all right, mamma; if you feel so bad about it I won't take

A Self-Goer. "Oh, goody, mother, I am going to

take history next term," said Helen in considerable glee. "Why are you so pleased at taking history?" asked mother.

"Why, it must be so easy to learn

Bacon-The paper says the allies gained 1.200 meters in the last battle. Egbert-Must have attacked a gas

### The Habit of Self-Denial

By REV. ED. F. COOK, D. D. Director Missionary Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT-If any man will come after me,

let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.—Luke 9:23. It requires self-abnegation to follow Christ in the way of everlasting



into his program for the world. In man's relation to Jesus Christ selfdenial is an essential mark of discipleship, and a first requisite to reality of spiritual experience. In man's relation to man and to world betterment self-denial is fundamental to all effective min istry of the Gospel

life, and utmost

self-denial to en-

ter fully with him

The self-denial of which the Master speaks in the text is not to be thought of as an impulsive act, or as a spasm of self-forgetfulness, but rather as a habit of life. The self-denial to which he refers is more than unselfishness in meeting emergent demands. It is more than liberality in times of special public need; it is in reality a matter of daily practice. The Master no doubt places special emphasis upon "daily" when he says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." A self-denial which is less than a fixed principle of life and less than a daily practice cannot usher a man into the comradeship of Christ in service. If ever we follow him truly it is in the way which he here describes.

In the day of our nation's glory and power, with the doors of Christian opportunity wide open in every land, we have failed to enter fully into the Master's plan for his world. Christ has been too largely shut out of the life of the American people through a gradual yielding to the subtle temptations of great prosperity. We have accepted with indifference his great commission and have put forth but menger effort to evangelize the nations. The love of luxury and ease has produced such softness and selfindulgence in the churches of America as renders difficult the response to a challenge which demands heroic self-denial and self-abnegating service.

The American people have, however, been brought by the exigencies of war to the practice of self-denial, self-sacrifice and liberality in giving to an extent unprecedented in our history. Splendid has been the response to the nation's call for men and money. Both are being offered without stint. The moving of the American heart in for human suffering, and the new evaluation of physical strength and moral power, have led the American people to pour out their wealth in order to feed the hungry, heal the suffering, comfort the sorrowing, and to equip and protect our soldiers in both moral and physical efficiency. In the awful school of war we are learning lessons

of great moral value. The peril is that after the war we may lanse again into the softness and needless self-indulgence of other days. Weary of self-restraint and self-denial. it will be easy to rush again to the frivolities and pleasures of the world and to the luxurious living to which the American people have become so

accustomed. In such a return to selfishness, selfindulgence and self-love, there are imminent perils to our nation and to the cause of Christ. Against such a peril our people must be protected. This can best be done by keeping before them the Master's great world-program: The enterprise of foreign missions. It alone of all human enterprises carries the full moral equivalent of war. It alone makes a like appeal to that of war-to love, to loyalty, to courage and self-sacrifice. The missionary enterprise alone presents the utmost appeal of love to God and of love to our fellow men. It develops as no other obligation or activity the sense of the Fatherhood of God and the consciousness of the brother-"It's fine," said Mr. Ostrich, "and | hood of man. If we would preserve in I approve of it, for it never hurts us the heart of this nation the finest, the noblest, the best products in human properly plucked. It gives no pain, character of this great war, we must make of America a great missionary nation, fired with a passion for worldvery sad, "care so much about all wide service. To this end the churches kinds of feathers that they will even of America must be held to a vision peace which the allies demand but a temporary peace, unless we hold the "sallent" already driven into heathen from creatures like us-and when we darkness, and resolutely drive on to The temperature of a heated room aren't hurt by it-to think of using fullest success in the foreign mission is several degrees warmer at the ceil- feathers from birds which have to enterprise. There is no possible basis

> It is of supreme importance, there fore that we hear with new interest and resolution the Master's challenge of willing self-sacrifice, let us now ing of following him in sacrificial serv-

Disbelievers. Those who are not induced to belleve and live as they ought by those discoveries which God bath made in the Scriptures, would stand out against any evidence whatever, even that of a messenger sent express from the other world.-Otterbury.

A Mine of Knowledge,

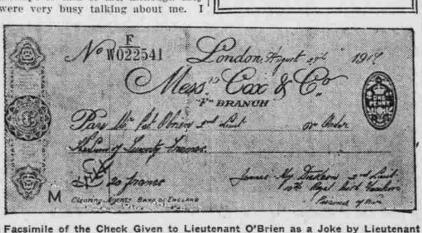
In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to morality, it is an invaluable, an inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue.-J. Q. Adams.

Inspiration of Scriptures. When one has given up the fact of he inspiration of the Scriptures, he has given up the whole foundation of revealed religion.-Henry Ward Bee-

The Scripture. Nobody ever outgrows the Scripture; the book widens and deepers with our years .- Spurgeon.

Refusing to Believe. When we refuse to believe God we ce no cleim on his pror

"Is that what you meant when you



Dickson When They Were Fellow Prisoners at Courtrai. (TO BE CONTINUED)

## Might with Entire Propriety Be Called the First Bandmaster Recorded

David might well be called the first be clipped if they get him just right, score and eight, and he thus led the ceive. possessed a knowledge of instrumen-

room, and they all seemed very much ments. The fourth Psalm, "Hear me when frightened. I jokingly remarked that it would be fine if our airmen hit the I call, O God of my righteousness," old prison—the percentage would be he directs to be played by his chief very satisfactory—one English officer musician, who was a player of the forget self and immediately become and about ten German ones. They harp and the sackbut. Psalm fifth, "Give ear to my words, O Lord," he didn't seem to appreciate the joke, however, and, indeed, they were apwas going on overhead to laugh even Psalm sixth, "O Lord, rebuke me not long ago, and the person who sets out at their own jokes. Although these in thine anger," the chief musician in search of those magic waters will night raids seem to take all the starch or soloist on the string instrument. return bitterly disappointed. out of the Germans while they are who had a virtuoso's regard for exgoing on, the officers were usually as pression, is called upon to perform,

brave as lions the next day and spoke and so on through the Psalms. contemptuously of the raid of the band all of the component parts of by so doing we shall eradicate the the modern orchestra-strings, wood- marks of passing years! I saw thousands of soldiers in Courwinds, brass and percussion. At the trai, and although they did not imdedication of Solomon's temple, David press me as having very good or abunconditions pointed to an early end of instruments made of fir wood, and brilliant than any that ever paint a the war. On the contrary, from what with harps and with psaltries with June sky! trimbels, castanets, cornets and cym-I was able to observe on that point, bals, and the sound of the trumpet unless the Huns have an absolute crop failure they can, in my opinion, go on heard today." Popular as a composer for years! The idea of our being able to win the war by starving them out certainly to be envied. strikes me as ridiculous. This is a

present time the instrumental body has posed entirely of bagpipes, orchestras Pittsburgh Dispatch. composed entirely of string instruments, bands of oboe players, bands entirely of brass, bands of brass and wood-wind, bands of trumpets, bands also, but that never happened in my by man.

Anonymity in Literature. A writer in the Boston Transcript, speaking of a man who had written much for publication but always anonythe cup, and then about all you had was but water. This "ten" was not water. This "ten" was not anonymity is not profitable to the was hot water. This "tea" was a sad anonymity is not probable of writer, especially if he is capable of good work. He gets no credit with name, and persistent use of a name spat up the dollar. even when attached to matter of trivial quality has become a source of liberal of the day had a lot of fun about the

income to many a writer." The One Achievement. "I do not feel that I have really seen for the crowd. We were allowed to send out and 'Hamlet' played," mused Mr. Storm-

buy a few things, but as most of the ington Barnes. "But you have played the part your-

NEW HONOR ACCORDED DAVID SILLY TO WORRY OVER PAST be mine." Far Better to Get Busy as Possible in Planning Something Worth While

The woman who sits around disconbandmaster mentioned in history; f - solately bemoaning the fact that what he was the first orchestral organizer she considers her best years have van-

first body of players. He no doubt Pray, who outside the home circle bird and act like an animal." cares what one's years are, whether tation and tone-color effect, for he the bloom has faded from one's cheek assigns his subjects to special instru- or whether one's figure has lost or is losing its youthful lines?

The person who foolishly wastes good time in wishing that he or she could reclaim other days should try to busied with some wholesome task. There are no fountains of perpetual youth to be found at any price in any parently too much alarmed at what was the solo flutist of his band. clime. This fact was demonstrated

> Time leaves its traces upon all of us, much as we would like to refute this charge. How senseless then to David without question had in his resort to artificial means, hoping that

On the other hand, why not concentrate one's best thoughts upon the dant food, they were fairly well and all the house of David "played present, remembering that there are clothed. I do not mean to imply that before the Lord with all manner of October sunsets more lovely and more

> The woman past her first youth has, if she is blessed with good health plus was heard in the land even as it is will power, a work to do, and she should do it. Not one of us ever quesand popular as a conductor, David was tions the age of any person who performs some worth-while task. Instead, From these Biblical days to the we applaud the worker, meanwhile or birds which have to be killed just see that victory for the allies is but hoping earnestly that he or she shall existed in many forms-bands com- long continue to serve or entertain .- so much."

## To Warm Room Evenly.

of bugles, bands of drums, and all ing than at the floor. To equalize the be killed! I can't understand folks of permanent world-peace which does vious day, he had bread for breakfast sorts of combinations have been made temperature, it is necessary for the who care for fashion and feathers not take account of Christ and his air to be in circulation. This may be above the lives of birds and above kingdom on earth, accomplished with an electric fan, but kindness." to prevent any unnecessary draughts, the blast from the fan should be confined. As the air must be driven from glad to be of use to people for we to self-denial. Having learned in war the floor to the ceiling, place the fan can do our work easily, but oh, I through love of country the meaning mously, says: "I doubt the wisdom of in one corner of the room in such a hope that fewer and fewer wild birds this on practical grounds; for the pub- position that it will drive the air up- will be taken and used for those who for love of Christ learn the full meanlic likes to know whose work it is wards. To keep the air confined, make are slaves to fashion." reading; a pseudonym is far better a cardboard tube about six inches in than nothing, and if persisted in is as diameter to carry the air up and across good in the long run as the right the ceiling to the opposite corner of name; but a book by an abstraction, by the room. This will take the cold air next room)-Johnny, what makes the nobody, generally fails to win the read- from the floor and force it out at the baby so quiet? Is he into any miser's interest, unless a rumor is put ceiling level. Naturally the air cur- chief? about that there is a mystery concern- rents are forced from a lower to a ing the authorship, and that the author higher level, thus equalizing the tem- ing with the flypaper, that's all, is a famous man trying a new experi- perature.-Popular Science Monthly.

> Only One Hog Had Dollar A fat hog at the Omaha stock yards coughed up a dollar when "Snuff" the public for what he does; whereas Smith, an employee of a commission his name if it accompanied his pub- company, kicked it in the head. The lished writing should become a dis. hog was trying to run past him when it." tinct asset, editors, especially of maga- he wanted it to go the other way. He zines, being governed to some extent gave it a vigorous kick. It coughed. in their acceptances by the value of a gagged, sputtered a moment and then Stockyard men throughout the rest

> > claimed the dollar. Smith claimed it. The owner of the hog claimed it, and and recite. The teacher says it repeats as a result Smith spent it for cigars | itseif." A lot of the employees in the yards

incident. The commission company

began to kick hogs right and left in the hope of shaking out another dollar. One employee said he had kicked 612 leven a jitney.